

PLANETS IN SEPTEMBER.

Venus is morning star, and though waning it

cally in the cast before 10 o clock, and before the month closes he will put in an appearance before 8 o'clock, and reign supreme among the starry throng that spangle the firmament on September nights. He is mear enough to become an inter-esting object for telescopic study, and astrono-mers are improving the opportunity for a peep at this king of the worlds we know anything of, the brother subsers whose house most still in

SOL. MILLER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, }

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TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

Choice Poetry.

MEMORY.

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The beauteous night: the stars look brightly down Upon the earth, decked in her rube of snow. No light gleams at the window save my own, Which gives He shows to middlight and to me. Which gives He shows to middlight and to me. And now, with moiseless step, swyed memory comes, And now, with moiseless step, swyed memory comes, And leads no gently through how tralight realms. What poed a timeful lyre has ever sum; or did now the same step of the same step of the same step. The enchanted, shadow hand some, and dreat, last has fit valleys, chosen of the grows free. The shaded by the mountain tops are bathed. In hos lies the dreams in the streets of the control of cypress free. And yet has similar mountain tops are bathed. In hose in the dreams right of distant years, for clustered joys serves of other days. Upon its gratie, sloping hillsels bends. The weeping willer, or the secret dist. Where're our flootsteps fall upon the shore. They that were skeeping rise from out the dust Of death's long, silently years, and round an stand, As erst they did before the prison tomb. Hereits our flootsteps fall upon town of the shore. They that were skeeping rise from out the dust Of death's long, silently years, and round an stand, As erst they did before the prison tomb. Hereits of the same with the same shows the step of the same stand. The heavens that bend above that land are hung. With clouds of various hises; smore dark and chill. Surcharged with sorary, exact their sombors shade Upon the same, jorous hands below the same, in the same dark and chill. Surcharged with sorary, exact their sombors shade Upon the flowery meant and stury slopes. Suff as the shadow of an angel's wing. What he was the falling show, their margins linged With gold and crimasoned hises; their shadows fall Upon the flowery meants and stury slopes. Unto the ulmost crimasoned hises; their shadows fall Upon the flowery meants and stury slopes. Unto the ulmost the same and stury slopes. Unto the ulmost the same and stury slopes. The best dissues the first-

ht R. S. CHILTON.

Low lies he now who lately steed Erect.—the Nation's homored head;— The States, a corrowing sisterhead. Stand with locked shields around his bod.

"Mushs, bad luck to your impudence?" says Ould Nick; "is it sthrivin' to chate me you are?" saye he, "you villain?" "O, forgive me this wanst," said the Colonel, "and upon the honor of a gintleman I'll niv-

him.
"Well, to be sure, the ould man was frekened, but he placked up his courage and his cuteness, and towid the divil, in a bautherin' way, jokin' like that he had particular business thin, that he was goin' to a parry, and hoped an ould friend would'nt inconvayuance him that away—"
"Well," said I, laughing at the put-off of going to the party, "the devil, of course, would
take no excuse, and carried him off in a flash of

"O, no, sir," answered the man, in somethin of a reproving, or at least offended tone—"that's the finish. I know very well of many a storm such as we're talking of, but that's not the way of this, which is truth, every word what I tell you—"

Law lies to new which dead on the law which are all the law which are a surrowing state that the law which are a surrowing state that the law which are a surrowing state that the law which are a law of a surrowing state of the law which are the law of a surrowing state of the law which are the law of a surrowing state of the law of the law

"Only gi' me a few minits," says he.

"Lave aff your palaverin', you snakin onld sinner," says Sat'n; "you know you're bought and sowld to me, and a party bargin I have o' you, you ould baste," says he—"so come along at wanst," and he put out his claw to ketch him; but the Colonel took a fast hould o' the Bible, and begged hard that he'd let him alone, and wouldn't harm him until the bit o' candle that was just blinkin' in the socket before him was burned out.

"Well, have it so, you coward," says Ould Venus is morning star, and though waning in lustre, and increasing her distance from the earth, is still the brightest of the clustering morning stars that anticipate the coming of the sun. She wins the position at the head of the class, during the mouth, for she is the chief actor in a rare phenomenon that illustrates its annals. On the 25th, there is a close conjunction between Venus and the bright star Alpha Leonis, or Regulus, the leading brilliant of the constellation Leo. The planet and star, when nearest together, are only twelve minutes of a degree apart. This occurs at 8 o'clock, on the evening of the 25th, when both stars are below the horizon. But on the morning of the 26th, the picture painted on the sky will be worth getting up early to see. The observer should commence the watch about 3 o'clock. Venus will then come darting above the horizon, about fourteen degrees north of the sanrise point, and close beside her, not far from fifteen minutes of a degree to the south, will shine the bright Regulus, the first star in the handle of the familiar group known as the Sickle. There will be no moon to interfere with the exhibition, and the stars will shine side by side until they melt away in the light of the sun's near approach. Venus is still travelling from her western clongation towards the sun, with an appearantly slow movement, that keeps her throughout the month about three hours above the horizon before the sun appears. She is, therefore, a beautiful object in the morning sky, and still very brilliant, although her disk now measures only fifteen seconds of a degree, instead of sixty seconds, as when near her inferior conjunction, last May. Venus rises now a few minutes after 3 o'clock.

Jupiter is morning star, and by far the most interesting to the moeth, a few minutes after the colock; at the end of the mouth, a few minutes after 8 o'clock, and reign supreme among the starry throos et hat sometic the firmument on Sentember themouth closes he will put in an appearance before 8 o'clock, and reign

"and upon the honor of a gintleman I'll nvery "and upon the honor of a gintleman I'll nvery "Whist! whist! you thieving rogue," says the 'divil, "I'm not angry with you at all, but like you the betther, bekase you're so cute—lave off slaving yourself there," says he—"you have goold enough for this time, and whenever you want more, you have only to say the word, and it shall be yours at command."

"So, with that, the divil and he parted for that time, and myself doesn't know whether they used to meet often afther or not; but the Colonel niver wanted money anyhow, but went on prosperous in the world—and, as the saying is, if he took the dirt out of the road, i'd turn to money wid him; and so, in coorse o' time, he hought great estates, and was a great man intriety—not greater in Ireland, troth."

Fearing here a digression on landed interest, I interrupted him to ask how he and the fiend eetited their accounts at last.

"Oh, sir, you'll hear that in good time. Sure enough, it's terrible, and wondherful it is at the ind, and mighty improvin'—glory be to God!"

"Is that what you say!" said I, in surprise, "because a wicked and deluded man lost his soul to the tempter!"

"Oh, the Lord forbid, your honor—but don't be impatient, and you'll hear all. They say, at last, afther many years of pressperity, the ould Colonel got stricken in years, and he began to have misgivings in his conscience, for his wicked doings, and his heart was heavy, as the fear of death keen upon him—and, sure enough, while he had such mournful thoughts, the divil kin my while he had such mournful thoughts, the divil kin.

"Well, to be sure, the ould man was frekened, but he sheaked up his course on and his outprise, of death keen upon him—and, sure enough, while he had such mournful thoughts, the divil kin my while he had such mournful thoughts, the divil kin my while he had such mournful thoughts, the divil kin my behaved up his course on and his cutteness.

HT N. K. BUCK. O, he lightly swings his gleaming scythe, Hown in the fragrant clover, while, And he hum for a more well as the form of the contract of the contract And his heart beats time to the old love rhyme. The song of a happy lover.

The cool wind fam his sun-browned cheek, Then ruffles the rustling grasses That softly head their graceful heads To every breate that passes, And a wherling cloud of locusts loud Springs up from the scented masses.

He notes the timid meadow lark.
Above be low nest hover,
And gently lifts his seythe to leave.
The grass uncut above ber,
And the liveloug day his heart is gay.
As the heart of a happy lover.

Section of the credent or sound by the control of t

THE OLD-PASHIONED BIBLE.

dear to my heart are the scenes of my childheat now but in memory I sadly review; That now but in memory I sadily review.

The old meeting home at the edgy of the wildwood, the rail fence, and bucess all tethered thereto; the low, sloping roof, and the bell in the streple; The doves that came fullering out overhead, As it sademnly gathered the god fearing people, To hear the sold like my grandfather read;

The old-fashioned libbe—

The dart-overed libbe—

The last-overed libbe—

The leather covered libbe—

The blessed old volume: The face lent above it—
As new I recall it—is gravely sever.
Though the reverent eye that througe downward to le
Makes graunder the text through the lens of a boar;
And, as down his features it trickles and glistens.
The cough of the deason is stilled, and his head
Like a halord patriarch's leans, as he listens
To hear the old Ribbs my grandfather read:
The old-fachioned Ribbs—
The dust-covered Ribbs—
The leasther-bound Ribbs—
The leasther-bound Ribbs—

How Predericksburg Now Appears—Marye's Heights, as Seen Eighteen Years after Burn-side's Desperate Assaults—The Stone Wall of History—Fifteen Thousand Federal Dead —Beminders of the Bloody Battle.

FREDERICSBUEGO, July 28.—And this is the place where that grisdy thing at Marye's Heights was done!—the field whereon one December day, eighteen years ago, the Army of the Potomac marched to the sacrifice; the scene of a battle, cruel in its conception, Satanic in its delivery, and grim, ghastly, inexpressibly awful in its alanghter. What the participant saw then no one can adequately describe. What is to be seen in the bright sun and soft air now appears to to be a landscape of hazy hillsides, and a valley that is a thing of joy.

Cato, the darkey driver, insisted that the first place to take a look at was the Union headquarters, over in Stafford, and so emphatic did he become with his "sho's yo' bo'n, sah" and "wish I may drap dead of 'tain't so, sah" that I agreed to go to Stafford before visiting the key-point, at Marye's. Stafford County is just across the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg, which is (Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.)

Cato, the darkey driver, insisted that the first place to take a look at was the Union headquarters, over in Stafford, and so emphatic did he become with his "sho's yo' bo'n, sah!" and "wish I may drap dead of 'tain't so, sah!" that I agreed to go to Stafford hefore visiting the key-point, at Marye's. Stafford County is just across the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg, which is in Spottsylvania. As we crossed the long bridge, I couldn't help remarking that Nature gives Stafford a fair country, but some of the stories related by Spottsylvanians of the Stafford people indicate that Nature's bonnty has been jumped rather than housestly appreciated. What with rich harvests of grain and many hill-side orchards, the Stafford people ought to be satisfied; but they like to fish, and while the funny game of the Rappahannock is to them a finny game of the Kappahannock is to them a constant delight, it is also a drawback in material progress. According to local tradition, the Stafford man is humility itself, before the fishing season opens, but when his net is full he in turn becomes very much that way himself. Meeting a citizen during the former period, he will assume a lowly mein, and if asked where he halls he will assume as the period of th he hails, he will answer

will assume a lowly mein, and if asked where he hails, he will answer:

"I'm from Stafford, if you please, sir; won't you gimme a chaw er terbacker!"

But meeting him with the same question, during the fishing season, he will advance boldly, and condescend to say:

"I'm from Stafford, by G—d, sir! Have a chaw er terbacker! Have two, sir! Take the whole d—d plug, sir."

As the same tradition has it, members of the County aristocracy feel like successful fishermen all the year round. Colonel Brown, an old-time slaveholder and statesman, used to pass his winters in Richmond, being for a number of years a member of the Virginia Legislature. When introduced as "Colonel Brown, of Stafford," the Colonel would draw himself up to his full height, fold his arms grandly, and exclaim:

"From Stafford and King George, too, by G—d, sir." Then, walking with quick strides away from his interlocutors, the old Tory would add, in a fierce undertone, "I thank thee, King of kings, that the blue blood hoils in the veins of Colonel Timothy Brown, of King George and Stafford."

Alt: who shall look backward with seom and derish And scott the old look, though it uselesely less In the dist of the past, while this newer revision. Lisps on of a hope and a home in the skies? Shall the vaice of the Master be stifted and riven! Shall we hear but a lithe of the words he has said. When so long He has, listening, learned out of heavet To hear the old Bible my grandinter read! The old fashioned Bible—The dist-envered Bible—The dist-envered Bible—The leather bound Bible my grandinther read.

VIRGINIA BATTLE-FIELDS.

ON BURNSIDE'S STAFFORD HILL, While enjoying these anecdotes, which were

though it is, behind Burnside is the whip-lash of a great people who, in the rage of ignorance, howl for victory. From the shelter of the low-lying houses there to the cast comes bravely ent a thick line of men, in blue. They are in fine form, so admirable, indeed, that the enemy envies them. They come on in spite of the gleam, and crash, and deadly rain of shot in their pathway. Individual heroes even get to where they can see the white of the foeman's eye, but it is too much for mortal man, and French is brushed away. Now Hancock bursts from his shelter with a desperate rush—a dash that would seem to know no stop. Five thousand men are double-quicking across the field, straight against the heights. Even Lee is nervous. Every rebelline is ablaze, but they come on, and men fall within a dozen steps of the goal. The roadway between the walls is packed with a yelling mass of humanity. Friendly gun kills friend. It is throat to throat. But under the immense pressure and the cutting cross-fire, back they go, falling and crawling as best they may. Two thousand of the five thousand fall in five minutes—many are dead, many dying, and many destined to pass a night worse than death itself. McLaws feels so full of the big issue that he shouts "Victory!" into Lee's car, and Lee sunles as he never did before. To look at the piles of dead, one thinks that the matter might end now, and yet Hooker drives forward in a charge that is repulsed with terrible slaughter, as the quick-falling darkness of December rests upon the field. As I stand in the Federal Cemetry here on Marye's Hill, the afternoon sun slants across the graves of 15,000 men, and berighters the place of slaughter below. The field over which the unequaled charges were made was then an open subtry of the town—a ground where fairs were held; but it is now filled with small frame houses, pretty, and pleasant in their gardens, whence the fragrance of flowers is blown. Dur-

CONTRASTS OF HISTORY.

The strict of the contested hill is now the place of burial. The superintendent walked around among the graves with me, and showed me his register. The cemetery, which serves for the statles in the wilderness, also, covers several acres, and contains the bodies of 15,257 Union of the contested hill is now the place of burial acres, and contains the bodies of 15,257 Union acres, and contains the bodies of 15,257 Union acres and the contain positive marks of stables. The bodies of 15,257 Union acres and contains the contain positive marks of sheir occupation, but in the neighborhood of Hamilton's Crossing, where Franklin and Meade made such a brilliant beginning of what might have been victory, the farmers have blotted out all evidence of war. Roundabout is the yellow stubble of a rich part, the fruit.

GARPIELD'S PHYSICIANS.

The Men Who Have Been Fighting Death at the White House.

The Men Who Have Been Fighting Death at the White House.

The Men Who Have Been Fighting Death at the Winds were Presidential than the contract of the Coult of the bread that a morning away be should acrea and contains and the Unio

The Men Who Have Been Fighting Death at the White House.

Amount a searched with a search of the control of t

THE DEAD PREMIER Hieraeli dead! The tappings of late days, The Coronet, the Garter, slip uside, The Peer's emblanonment, the victor's bays, The pageantry of pride.

Trimmph's more symbols, badges of success.

Who weight, who marks them now, when all is said In simple words, low breathed in heaviness?—
Distracti's dead?

So all have known him from that earlier time Of meteorie and all-daring youth, And through the season of his dataling prime; And so to-day, in seeth, Tis Benjamin Disraeli all will means.

Not be the less undergreally whose lance
Against that shield and creet full oft had been
In combat a estimate.

The fearless fighter and the flushing wit Swortless and silent! The a thought to dim The young spring emabline glancing, as was fit, Bright at the last on him.

Who knew no touch of Winter in his soul, Holding the Greek gift yet in minel and ten And who, though faring part life's common g Leven of the gods died young, Like the Enchantress of the Nile, unstaled By custom as anchilled by creeping yea A world compeller, who not often failed In light with his few peers.

Success incarnate, self-inspired, self-caised. To that proud bright whereat youth's fancy aimed. Whost even those who doubted whilst they praised. Admired, e'en whilst they biamed.

No more that fine invective's flow to hear. That how, and wisdom, or that biting wit! To see him and his one sole battle prev Sharp counter hit for hit. No more to picture that impassive face, That unbetraying eye, that fadeless of No more in plot or policy to trace. The hand of the great Earl!

How strange it seems, and how upwelcome? Rout, Not least ancidst our greatest? Who would dare Dony thee place and spletalor with the best Who breathed our English air? Pence, lasting pence, that strife no more shall break With honor none may challenge, crown these new; Wherever laid, not Faction is self would shake The harrel from thy brow.

And England, who for thy quenched brightness ; Garlands the sword no more to beave the shouth And, turning from thy simple gravestone, leaves A test upon the wreath.

Thurlow Weed on the Dead-Locks at Wash The influence which produced a dead-lock for rearly two months in the Senate of the United States, now being supplemented at Athany, marks eras in the political history of our country equally unparalleled and demoralizing. Having failed in an obstinate effort to defeat the nomination of Judge Robertson, Mr. Conkling resigned his seat in the Senate. This would have been a matter that concerned himself alone, if his actions had not changed the political complexion of one branch of the National Government. But Mr. Conkling was not content with giving the Democratic party tempora-

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VICE-PRESIDENTIAL PRESIDENTS. How they Drift into Opposition to the Party that Elect Them.

Like heirs appears to hereditary monarchies, the Vice-Presidents of the American Republic appear to drift instinctively into opposition even when they are not named, in order to appears the weaker of hostile factions within one party. Of our Vice-Presidential Presidents, Tyler was the first. He was chosen in 1830 on the Whig ticket with Gen. Harrison, who was 69 years old when he was inaugurated. Within 69 years old when he was inaugurated. Tyler was the first. He was chosen in 1840 on the Whig ticket with Gen. Harrison, who was 68 years old when he was inaugurated. Within a few weeks afterwards he died from the effects of a cold caught while going to market in a traly Democratic fashion one raw March morning. He fell a victim to an over estimate of his constitution and physical powers, and not unwarned by his friends, whose kindly suggestions were not only unheeded but seemed to annoy him. He lay ill in the White House only ulne days. He was the first President who died in office. His death was an astounding shock to the country, and when psople awoke to the fact that another person whom they had elected Vice-President, and whom they knew as "Tyler ton," was to become President, there went up a universal and anxious query, "Who is he—what sort of a man is he?" But the death of Harrison had been anticipated several days before it happened. Tyler, who was then at his home on the Potomac peninsula, was sent for immediately in a Government steamer. He took the onthe quietly and privately. Gen. Harrison's calinet concluded that Mr. Tyler whife performing the functions of President ought to bear the tails of "Vice-President, acting President; but Mr. Tyler, under the advice of Chief Justice Taney, at once assumed the full presidential title. He announced that he would retain the Harrison cabinet, of which Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. The Harrison-Tyler Whigs were in doubt and dismay, for Tyler had been put on the ticket with the knowledge that he was rather an erratic member of the party. Within three months Mr. Tyler vetoed two fiscal geasures of

State. The Harrison-Tyler Whigs were in doubt and dismay, for Tyler had been put on the ticket with the knowledge that he was rather an erratic member of the party. Within three months Mr. Tyler vetoed two fiscal greatures of his members in Congress locking tag a destruction of the Vanilaren sub-freasity system and to the re-establishment of a national bank. By the 11th of September what turned out to be a final rupture between the new President and the Whig party began with the resignation of all the Cabinet except Mr. Webster, who did not remain much longer. The new Crbinet was composed of nominal Whigs, but all the Congressional Whigs excepting Henry A. Wise and Caleb Cushing, deserted Tyler after the Whig Congressmen had issued, in the antum of 1841, a celebrated manifesto drawn up by John P. Kennedy of Maryland, calling for a cameus committee of which Konneth G. Raynor, now in Government employ in Washington, is the only survivor. From that time forth Tyler received his main support from the Democrats.

General Taylor was the second President who died in office. He died in the month of July, Only five days before his death, on Independence day, General Taylor attended the exercises at the Washington monument. These lasted above an hour, during which time the President, with the obstingey of an old campaigner in the tropics, refused to shelter himself from an uncommonly hot sun even with an umbrella. Exhausted and overheated, on his return to the White House he ate cherries and drank cold milk imprudently, and was soon ill. President Taylor's death, like that of Harrison, was expected for many hours before it occurred. Immediately after that event the Cabinet officers addressed an official notic to the houses of Congress then in session over the compromise measure. He informed Congress that he should take the oath as President at noon on the same day. It was administered in the hall of the House (into which the Senate had also come) by the vecorable resident at noon on the same day. It was ad-sinistered in the hall of the House (into which the Senate had also come) by the venerable Chief Justice of the District, Cranch, the fathern-law, by the way, of Mr. Ernstus Brooks. Mr. in-taw, by the way, of Mr. Ernstus Brooks. Mr. Fillmore simply took the eath but made no address, and after taking it retired. General Taylor's Cabinet had shown as unfriently a disposition towards Mr. Fillmore as the Cabinet of Mr. Garfield had manifested to Mr. Arthur. No Conkling, instead of running away he should have remained in his seat, seeking his vindication where he had been wronged.

Contrasted with the course pursued by another New York Republican statesman on two memorable occasions, Mr. Conkling will find that true courage and fidelity pay better than mock heroism.

In 1849, when General Taylor was imangurated, two eniment New York Whigs were Presidential aspirants. Whilliam H. Seward was in the

iel Webster was appointed in his place. A few days afterwards an entirely new Cabinet was made, in which Mr. Fillmore's law partner and intimate friend and adviser, Nathan K. Hall, was placed as Postmaster General. Thereafter during Mr. Fillmore's Administration the breach between the stalwarts of that day (the Seward anti-slavery Whigs) and the half-breeds of that day (silver-grays) widened continually. The party which had elected Fillmore hated him when he retired as intensely as Tyler had been hated. The administration of these two Vice-Presidential Whig Presidents prepared the way for the successes of the Democrats in the election of Polk, who succeeded Tyler, and of Pierre, who succeeded Fillmore.

The third of our Vice-Presidential Presidents, Andrew Johnson, took the oath as President as quietly and privately as Tyler had taken it. His quarrel with the Republicans was not of such sudden and rapid growth as the quarrels of Tyler and Fillmore with the Whigs, but it became in the end quite as irreconcilable and bitter. Johnson's difference with his old party leaders, like these of Fillmore, grew out of his refusal to wage war politically upon the South. Like Tyler, Johnson's difference with his old party leaders, like these of Fillmore, grew out of his refusal to wage war politically upon the South. Like Tyler, Johnson's difference with his old party leaders, like these of Fillmore, grew out of his refusal to wage war politically upon the South. Like Tyler, Johnson's difference with his old party leaders, like these left the White House, and like Tyler he sought, but sought in vain, a renomination from the Democratic National Convention.—X. F. World.

MEETING THE COMET. To the Editor of the Herald:

The approaching comet has already made its appearance in the evening sky, notwithstanding the brightness of the thight, and the fall moon, and the haziness of the sky, which has been so great near the horizon that I have not been able upon either of the three evenings on which I have seen the comet, to identify its position with certainty and accuracy. It is evident that it is moving in a path several degrees further north than described by the first computed orbit, and that it will reach its perihelien two or three days later. This brings the comet a little nearer the earth, at its nearest approach; but, on the other hand, removes it a corresponding distance from the sun, so that there will have meaning distance from the sun, so that there will have meaning a very attractive object this coming week, especially as its path will remain so low in the heavens during the whole period it will continue visible. Yet it will be easily seen from positions where there are no intervening objects, until after the new moon; and it may yet, as it still approaches the sun and earth, become, as it has been expected to be, "a conspienous and interesting object."

There have been some efforts made to excite popular aprehension by the statement that this comet was coming directly towards us, and, therefore, might possibly take part in the fal-fillment of the aprocyphal prophecy of Mother Shipton. That very fact increased our anfety, as a moment's consideration will show. Suppose a sportsman at a distance of 200 yards discharge his rifle almod directly at a flying pigcon. During the second of time it would take the ball to traverse this distance the earth's altraction would be, perhaps, twice as much. Unless, then, the rifle aimed directly at a flying pigcon. During the second of time it would take the ball to traverse this distance the earth's altraction would be, perhaps, twice as much. Unless, then, the rifle aimed directly at a flying pigcon. During the second of time it would all to traverse this distance the earth's altracti